W D Haywood

North Carolina Star.

VOLUME XLVII. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 16 1856. NUMBER 16.

North-Carolina Star.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIAM C. DOUB,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

If paid strictly in advance, two dollars per annum; two dollars and fifty cents, if paid within six months; and three dollars at the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding sixteen lines will be inserted one time for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Those of greater length will be charged proportionally. Court Orders and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Book and Job Printing done with neatness and despatch, and on accommodating terms.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Wm. Dallas Haywood, Intendant of Police.

COMMISSIONERS.

Eastern Ward.—Eldridge Smith,
" A. Adams;
Middle Ward.—C. B. Root,
" R. H. Battle,
" G. W. Haywood.
Western Ward.—A. M. Gorman,
" H. D. Turner.

J. J. Christophers, City Clerk,
R. H. Battle, City Treas.
City Guard.—James M. Crawley,
Jackson Overby.
City Constables.—Edward Harris,
" William Andrews.
A. Adams, Weighmaster.
E. Harris, Clerk of the Market.

COURTS.

The *Supreme Court* of North Carolina is held in this city semi-annually, on the second Monday in June, and the 30th day of December.

Judges.—Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice,
R. M. Pearson, Associate Judge,
W. H. Battle, " "

Edmund B. Freeman, Clerk; Ham. C. Jones, Reporter; J. J. Litchford, Sr., Marshall.

The *United States Circuit Court* for the District of North Carolina is held semi-annually in this city, on the 1st Monday in June and the last Monday in November.

Judges.—Hon. J. M. Wayne, of Georgia; Hon. Henry Potter, of Fayetteville; District Attorney; Robert P. Dick; Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, Sr., Marshall, Wesley Jones.

The *Superior Court* for this County, is held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John C. Moore, Clerk.

Jos. B. Bachelor, Attorney General and Solicitor of the fourth Judicial District.

The *Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions* is held on the third Monday in February, May, August and November. Jeff. Utley, Clerk.

Chairman of the County Court.—William Boylan.

County Solicitor—K. P. Marriott.
Sheriff of Wake County—William H. High.
Coroner—Willis Scott.
Register.—H. Hutson.

BANKS.

Bank of the State of North Carolina, incorporated 1830. Charter expires in 1860. Capital $1,500,000, divided into 15,000 shares of which the Literary Board holds 5,027 and the University 1000.

Principal Bank at Raleigh.
George W. Mordecai, President.
Charles Dewey, Cashier.
J. H. Bryan, Jr., Teller and Notary Public.
W. E. Anderson, Discount Clerk and Notary Public.
Jordan Womble, Jr., Clerk.

This Bank has branches at Newbern, Tarboro' Fayetteville, Wilmington, Elizabeth City, Charlotte, Milton, Morganton and Windsor.

DIRECTORS:

On the part of the State: D. W. Courts, Public Treasurer, ex-officio, L. O'B. Branch and W. R. Poole.

On the part of the Stockholders: Wm. Boylan, Wm. Peace, J. H. Bryan, J. B. G. Roulhac, Alfred Jones and B. F. Moore.

Offering and Renewal day—Tuesday.
Discount day—Wednesday.
Domestic Bills and Bills of Exchange discounted every day.
Business hours from 10 till 2 o'clock.

Raleigh Branch of the Bank of the Cape Fear
William H. Jones, Cashier.
R. P. Finch, Teller and Notary Public.
DIRECTORS.—Geo. W. Haywood, T. H. Selby, Seth Jones, George Little, Dr. Thos. . Hogg and C. W. D. Hutchings.
Offering day Monday, Discount day Tuesday

RAIL ROADS.

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company.
R. A. Hamilton, President.
W. W. Vass, Treasurer.
J. M. Pool, Assistant Treasurer.
C. B. Allen, Depot Agent.

Mail train leaves 13 minutes before 6 A. M., arrives at 6½ P. M.

North Carolina Railroad Company.
Chas. F. Fisher, President.
C. P. Mendenhall, Treasurer.
J. T. West, Freight and Ticket Agent.

Mail train arrives 5 o'clock, A. M., from the East; and departs 10m. after 5 o'clock, A. M.

Mail from the West arrives at 32 minutes after 4 o'clock, P. M. Departs at 20 minutes before 5 o'clock, P. M.

POST OFFICE.

William White, Sr., Post Master.
Office hours, on week days, from Sun-rise to 9 P. M.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

(ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS AT RALEIGH

NORTHERN MAIL—(By Railroad.)

Through Mail closes daily	at	6½	a. m
Way Mail " "	at	9	p. m
Arrives daily	at	6½	p. m
The Cars leave the depot	at	6½	a. m

SOUTHERN MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack.)

Closes daily	at	½	p. m
Arrives daily	at	6	p. m
The Hack leaves	at	7½	p. m

WESTERN MAIL—(By Railroad.)

Closes daily	at	9	p. m.
Arrives daily	at	4½	p. m.
The Train leaves	at	4½	p. m

GOLDSBORO' MAIL—(By Railroad.)

Closes daily,	at	9	p. m
Arrives daily	at	5	a. m
The Cars leaves daily	at	10m after 5	a. m

TARBORO' MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack.)

Closes on Sunday, Tues. and Thur.,	at	9	p. m
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat.,	at	7	p. m
Hack leaves on Mon. Wed. and Fri.,	at	5	a. m

PITTSBORO' MAIL—(By Three-horse Hack.)

Closes on Tuesday and Saturday,	at	9	p. m
Arrives on Monday and Thursday,	at	7	p. m
Hack leaves on Sun. and Wed. about		7	a. m

Splendid Stock of Goods!

WE are now receiving the largest stock of *staple and fancy dry goods*, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Crockery, and Groceries, that has ever been presented in Raleigh, and as they have been bought carefully they will be disposed of on the most moderate terms.

We shall be pleased to show them to our customers, friends and the public generally.

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER.

Sept. 12 '55. 141—

BOOTS, GAITERS AND SHOES.

MEN'S Boots, Heavy Waterproof Boots, Brogans, &c. Heavy Boottees for servants, last double sole Brogans, Kip Brogans.

LADIES' Walking Shoes, Ladies' Congress Shoes, Ladies Goat Bootees, Ladies' Morocco Bootees, Black and Colored Gaiters.

The above mentioned Boots and Shoes will be sold at the lowest market prices. Call and examine them at

H. L. EVANS'.

Oct. 4, 1855. 128—

N'W YORK ADV RTISEMENTS

From Vinscher & Schiff's General Advertising House

Appleton's Building 346 & 348 Broadway,

SCHIEFFLIN BROTHERS & Co

IMPORTERS, AND DEALERS IN

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Dyes, Perfumery, &c.,

170 William street, New York.

INVITE the attention of the trade to their large and varied stock of Drugs, Paints, Oils, Perfumery, &c., &c.

In addition to their regular importations of Staple Drugs, they are also receiving, direct from the sources of production and manufacture, supplies of Tooth, Hair, and Nail Brushes, Sponges, Corks, Mortars, Sponges, French and English Perfumery, Lubin's Extracts, and many other articles usually embraced in Druggists' stocks, which they are also enabled to offer on the most advantageous terms.

Orders, either in person or by mail, will receive prompt attention.

June 26, 1855. 1y 77—

First Premium Gold Medal Piano-Fortes.

STEINWAY & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS, 84 & 88 WALKER STREETS.

NEAR BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the public to their splendid assortment of semi-grand and square Pianos, which, for volume of tone, elasticity of touch, beauty of finish, and in short every thing that renders a Piano perfect, are unsurpassed. They were awarded the first premium for both kinds in competition with the most distinguished makers from Boston, Philadelphia New York, and Baltimore.

NEW TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS have just been awarded the FIRST Premium GOLD MEDAL (over all competitors) at the late Fair of the American Institute Crystal Palace, for the BEST Pianofortes.

47—tf.

TILTON & McFAIRLAND,

33 Maiden Lane, New York.

MANUFACTURES OF THE WORLD RENOWNED Salamander Safes, Bank Vaults, &c.

Baltimore Depot, 145 Pratt.
Boston Depot, 14 Howard street.

127—1y.

FOR THE 1,000,000.

THE U. S. PATENT MARBLE CO.

(*Capital* $165,000.)

No. 398 Broadway, cor. Walker St. New York.

Are prepared to execute all orders for Mantles Table Tops, Columns, Pedestals, Pilasters, Slabs, &c., in imitation of Siena, Brocatel, Pyranees, Neapolitan, and all fancy Marbles: equal in strength, beauty, and durability to real marble and in some respects superior thereto, and at less than half the cost. Unlike marbelized iron, wood or slate, it is wholly free from all objections which are urged against mere surface work, where paint, copal varnish, &c. form the temporary polish and beauty of the article. Mantels from $8 to $40. Orders from Builders, Cabinet Makers and others solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Agents for the principal cities treated with.

JOSEPH LAMB, Sec. PETER RENNIE, Pres.,
LOVEL G. MICKLES, V. Pres.

Raleigh October 1854. 129—1y.

NEW YORK MILLINERY.

MRS. SIMPSON'S Wholesale and Retail Millinery and Straw Goods Warehouse, 361 Broadway

NEW YORK.

MRS. S. is now in Europe for the express purpose of selecting novelties for the Spring Trade, which will arrive and be ready for inspection on about the first of March. Southern and Western Merchants and Milliners are respectfully invited to call and examine the same before purchasing elsewhere. Pattern Bonnets always on hand [illegible]

[Feb. 6.] 6—5m.

Brooklyn-city Steam Engine Works

D. P. BURDON & Co.

WATER STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Burdon's Patent cut off and Boilers.

THE subscribers not only assert the superiority of the construction of their Engines, but will guarantee to transmit one-third more power with the same surface of boiler, and 30 per cent less pressure of steam than any other Engine manufactured in the United States, maintaining an equal speed, without regard to amount of power applied to the engine.

Also to their long experience [illegible] they acknowledge no competitors in the manufacture of

Sugar Mills, Saw and Grist Mills, Steam Pumps, Mining Pumps and Gearing for Mines, Shafting and Pullies, Heavy and Light Castings, and Mill Machinery of every Description.

Southern Planters' attention is particularly directed to our new and improved sugar mill. The simplicity of construction, extraordinary power and great durability renders it decidedly superior to any now in use.

Orders by mail, or otherwise, attended to with prompt ness and dispatch.

D. P. BURDON,
M. S. CONKLIN,
S. E. CONKLIN } D. P. BURDON & CO.

[Feb. 6] 6—5m.

The Wonder of the Age.

NO PAY!

IF Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment does not cure Cholera, Dysentery, Croup, Colic, Coughs, Dyspepsia, Vomiting, Mumps, Toothache, Headache Chapped Hands, Cold Feet, Mosquito Bites, Insect Stings, Chronic Rheumatism, Swellings, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, and Pains or Weakness in the Limbs, Back and Chest.

NO HUMBUG—TRY IT.

Dr. Tobias has warranted his Liniment for eight years without ever having a demand made for the return of the money—all that is asked is to use it according to the directions.

NO ONE WILL EVER BE WITHOUT IT

After once using it. If you do not find it better than anything you have ever tried before.

GET YOUR MONEY RETURNED.

Thousands of Certificates have been received speaking of its rare virtues. Now a days it is the practice to fill the papers with certificates from unknown persons, or given by those who have never used the medicine—now Dr. Tobias offers to pay

1,000 DOLLARS

to any one who will prove that he ever published a false certificate during the time he has had his medicine before the Public.

Call on the agents and get a Pamphlet containing genuine certificates. As persons envious of the large sale of the Venetian Liniment have stated it is injurious to take it internally, Dr. Tobias has taken the following

OATH,

I, Samuel I. Tobias, of the City of New York, being duly sworn do depose that I compound a Liniment called Venetian, and that the ingredients of which it is composed are perfectly harmless to take internally, even in double the quantity named in the Directions accompanying each bottle.

New York, January 9th, 1856.

S. I. TOBIAS.

Sworn to this day before me,

Fernando Wood, Mayor.

Price 25 & 50 cents, sold by the Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers throughout the United States.

Also for sale Dr. Tobias' Horse Liniment in pint Bottles at 50 cents, warranted superior to any other.

Dr. Tobias' office, 60 Cortland St. New York.

February 20, 1856 5—1y

AMBROTYPES.

THE superiority of this picture is, it is seen through the glass, and is not reversed like the Daguerreotype, and is seen in any light, as it is free from the polish of the silver plate. It cannot get dusty, and is not easily defaced; it is impervious to water, air &c., and will last for ages unimpaired. Call at

T. J. HAVENS.

Raleigh, December, 12th 1855. 41—

GARDEN SEEDS, WARRANTED FRESH and Genuine, growth of 1855 for sale by HENRY D TURNER, Bookseller, Raleigh, N. C.

Asparagus.
Large Giant.
Beans.
(Bush or Snap Shorts)
Early Six-Weeks, or Early Mohawk,
Red Speckled Valentine, or Red Marrow,
Brown Speckled Valentine, Refugee, or Thousand to One,
Red French,
Cranbery Bush,
Extra Early Victoria,
Royal Dwarf, or White Kid Ney,
Early Yellow Six-Weeks,
China Red Eye, or Early China,
Large Lima, or Butter Beans
Carolina Sewee or Saba.
Beet.
Extra Early Turnip-rooted,
Early Turnip-rooted Red,
Long Blood Red,
Silesian or Sugar,
Mangold Wurtzel,
Early Orange do.
Early Half Long Blood,
French Amber Sugar.
Cabbage.
Early Dutch,
Early York,
Landreth's Large York,
Early Sugar Loaf
Early Battersea,
Early Drumhead,
Green Curled Savoy,
Large Drumhead Savoy,
Red Dutch, (for pickling,)
Large Late Drumhead,
Flat Dutch,
Green Glazed,
Mammoth.
Carrot.
Long Orange,
Early Horn,
Altringham, or Field,
Large White, or Field,
Celery.
White Solid,
Red Solid.
Corn (Indian.)
Evergreen Sugar,
Sweet, or Sugar,
Early Canada,
Early York, or Adam's Early,
Tuscarora.
Cauliflower,
Early Asiatic, (Imported.)
Late Dutch,
Cress—Pepper Grass.
Broccoli—Large Purple Cape, Large White Cape,
Cucumber,
White Spined,
Extra Early Russian,
Early Frame or Table,
Short Prickly,
Early Green Cluster,
Early Frame,
Early Short Green,
Long Green Turkey,
Long Green (Keene's)
Small Gherkin, for pickles.
Egg Plant, or Melongena.
Large Purple,
Early Purple.
Lettuce.
Early Curled, or Cut Salad,
Early Cabbage,
Butter Lettuce,
Brown Dutch,
Royal Cabbage,
Imperial,
Philadelphia Cabbage,
Curled India, or Ice,
White Cos,
Green Cos,
Palestine,
Melons.
Ward's Nectar,
Pine apple or Persian,
Skillman's Fine Netted,
Beechwood, (extra fine,)
Carolina Water,
Mountain Sweet Water,
Gulley, or Mountain Sweet,
New Orange.

Citron, for preserves,
Mustard.
White,
Brown,
Okra,
Onion,
Silver Skinned, or White,
Large Yellow Strasburg,
Large Red Wethersfield,
Top or Button Onion,
White Portugal,
Yellow Dutch,
Danvers Yellow, [new,]
Large Red,
Early Red, [extra]
Parsley.
Curled, or Double,
Plain or Single,
Parsnip.
Sugar,
Hollow Crowned, or Cup,
Peas.
Landreth's Extra Early,
Early Frame,
Early Washington,
Early May &c,
Early Charlton,
Bishop's Dwarf Prolific,
Dwarf Blue Imperial,
Royal Dwarf Marrowfat,
Blue Prussian,
Early Champion of England
Large White Marrowfat,
Pepper.
Large Sweet, Bell-shaped
Tomato, or Flat,
Cherry,
Cayenne, or Long,
Pumpkin.
Cashaw,
Common Field, or Cheese.
Mammoth,
Radish.
Long Scarlet Short-top,
Long Salmon,
White Turnip-rooted,
Red Turnip-rooted,
Yellow Turnip-rooted,
Summer White,
Rhubarb, or Pie-plant.
Salsify, or Oyster-Plant.
Squash.
Early Bush, or Patty Pan,
Early Apple Bush, or Egg,
Long Green Crookneck,
Bush Crookneck Summer,
Dutch Summer Scallop, white,
Dutch Summer Scallop, yellow,
Cocoa-nut,
Valparaiso, or Porter.
Spinach.
Round Savoy-leaved,
Prickly seed,
Tomato, or Love-Apple.
Large Red,
Large Yellow,
Pear-shaped,
Turnip.
Early Flat Dutch, Strap-leaved,
Red-topped, Strap leaved,
Early Stone,
Large Norfolk,
Large Globe,
Yellow Aberdeen,
Scotch Yellow,
Ruta Baga, or Swedish,
Herb Seed.
Lavender,
Lemon Balm,
Rosemary,
Sage,
Savory, Summer,
" Winter;
Sweet Basil,
Sweet Marjoram,
Sweet Thyme,
Grass Seeds.
(By the pound or bushel.)
Red Clover,
White Dutch Clover,
Lucerne, or French,
Blue Grass,
Herds or Red Top,
Timothy,
Canary Seed,

And a great variety of Seeds not included in this advertisement.

16—

A large lot of Mourning Goods.

Bombazines; Mohair Lustres; Canton Cloths, Alpaccas and DeLaines.

W. H. & R. S. TUCKER.

JOHNSTON'S CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.—Just received a large supply of this truly valuable work.

W. L. POMEROY.

October 1855. 126—

AGENTS WANTED!!

Make Money when You Can!

THE Subscribers desire to procure the undivided attention of an Agent in ever. County of the United States. Efficient and capable men may make several dollars per day without risk or humbuggery of any kind. Full particulars of the nature of the business will be given by addressing the subscriber, and forwarding ONE Post Office Stamp to prepay return postage. [4] FUREY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fashionable Hair-cutting and Easy Shaving.

THE undersigned has just opened a Shop at Mr. Thompson's Building, near the corner east of the North Carolina Book Store, for the especial accommodation of gentlemen who desire a pleasant shave and well dressed head of hair. He hopes by his skill and close attention to his business not only to merit, but secure a liberal share of the patronage of the public.

J. T. ALSTON.

Raleigh, August, 1855. 99—1y

Superior Teas in the Original Half Chests,

In Boxes of 6 and 12 pounds, and in Metallic Packages, of ¼, ½, 1, 2 and 4 pounds.

FOR SALE BY

JENKINS & CO.,

[ORIGINAL INVENTORS OF THE METALLIC TEA PACK.]

Wholesale Dealers in Teas only.

N. W. Corner of Market and Ninth Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

Teas in Metallic Packs put up in half Chests, containing a variety of both Black and Green to suit buyers.

Printed list of prices, Terms, &c., furnished by mail to all who order them.

All Teas warranted to please or no sale.

One and the same price and terms to all and one only.

Half chests of Black contain about 35 pounds, and of Green about 50 pounds each.

March 12, 1856. 11—

TO MERCHANTS.

Stebbins, Morgan & Allen,

46 CLIFF STREET, NEW YORK.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Drugs, Dyes, Chemicals, Perfumery, &c.

HAVING selected their stock from the best that the *domestic or foreign* markets afford, can, with confidence, *offer great inducements to the Merchant, Physician or Manufacturer*, to obtain goods they can rely upon and on as reasonable terms as any similar house in this country.

Orders in person or by mail will meet with prompt and careful attention and are respectfully solicited.

Few doors east of Broadway between Fulton Beekman. 5—

Agents Wanted to Sell Maps,

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

THE subscriber is constantly issuing new Maps of the MOST USEFUL AND SALEABLE CHARACTER.

ENTERPRISING agents and sellers in different parts of the country are making from

$500 to $2000 a year.

Any persevering man can make a permanent business with but very small outlay and no risk.

Catalogue and letter containing full description, terms, &c., will be sent free to a good man who is in want of business. All inquiries answered by return mail.

Great inducements and liberal allowance made to Agents and Pedlars already in the business. Men out of employment, address A. H. JOCELYN, publisher of Popular Maps and Illustrated Sheets. Nos. 58 & 60 Fulton street, New York.

March 12, 1856. 11—3m.

Miscellaneous.

From Chamber's Edinburg Journal.

THE LODGINGS THAT WOULDN'T SUIT.

My landlady was a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old woman, with a kind of superficial sharpness of eye that bespeaks a person whose mind has always moved within the same small circle. When, or at what age she began the business of letting furnished apartments, or whether she was born in it, and grew up of nature and necessity a landlady, I do not know; but there she was, as intimate with her house and everything that concerned it, as a limpet is with its shell, and as ignorant, too, as that exclusive animal is of the outside world. Her connection with that world was of a peculiar kind. She never visited it but when driven by the force of circumstances, and then it was as a beleaguered garrison makes a sortie against the enemy.—Her natural foes were the trades-people who dealt in anything she wanted, and the result of a conflict between them, if it involved but the fortunes of a half-penny, colored her whole day. It was not frequently, however, that she was driven to this aggressive warfare, for my landlady was a great dealer at the door, and lived in a perpetual hostility with the vendors of sprats—O, and live soles.

Her house, or at least the parlor floor which I inhabited, bore a curious resemblance to herself, being a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old floor. It consisted of a sitting-room and bed-room in excellent preservation. What the age of the furniture may have been, it was impossible even to guess, but for all practical purposes, it was as good as new. There was no gloss on it—there never is in a lodging house—but neither was there a single grain of dust. Though kept constantly clean, it had never been rubbed in its life; and that was the secret of its longevity. The carpet, though as whole as the rest, was not in either respects so fortunate. Its color was so completely faded, that you could not tell what it had originally been; the pattern might have been matter of endless controversy; and it exhibited a decided gang-way from the door to the fire-place. Its dimensions might be thought scanty, for it did not cover the entire floor; but then, it must be considered, that this carpet was intended for comfort of the lodgers' feet, not of those of the six cane bottomed chairs ranged at wide intervals along the walls. On the mantel-piece there stood a lion of Derbyshire spar, and flanking him on each side a vase of stone-ware; the background being formed by a long, narrow, horrizontal mirror, divided into three compartments, with a black frame.

These apartments for which I paid twelve shillings a week, were not particularly cheerful.—They had, indeed, rather a cold, solitary look; and sometimes in the morning at breakfast time, I would fain even have prolonged the ministering of the dirty maid-of-all-work, by asking questions. But Molly had doubtless been ordered not to speak to the lodgers, and therefore she answered curtly; and slamming down, or whisking off the things she went her way. I had at length recourse to my landlady herself, and found her so much more communicative, that I suddenly conceived the wild idea of being able to select from her reminescences the material for a story—with which I had already resolved to delight the public, if I could only think of a plot. She was not at all disinclined to speak. Indeed I believe she would have made no scruple of telling me the history of all her lodgers, from the epoch when things began to settle down after the Norman Conquest; for it was to some such period I referred in my own mind the first appearance of "Lodgings to Let." But somehow her lodgers had no history to relate. Her favorite hero was a gentleman who every now and then brought her in news from the world that parliament was going to impose a tax upon furnished lodgings. This was a very exciting subject. So far as it went, she was unscrupul us a democrat, that I began to be fearful of political consequences, if we were overheard; indeed she did not hesitate to set the whole boiling of them at defiance, saying, in answer to my caution, that if she was took up in such a cause, she would soon let them know they had got the wrong sow by the ear!

But since my landlady had not a story, why not tell it? There was in it a young gentleman—and a young lady—and a mother—and a journey—and a legacy: all the requisite materials, in short—only not mixed. It would be something new—wouldn't it?—to give a love-story without a word of love, without an incident, and without a denouement. Such was my landlady's nostory; and we will get it out of her.

"The lady and her daughter," said she.

"Well, I dont know as there is anything particular to tell about them. They were respectable people, and excellent lodgers; their rent was as punctual in coming in as the Saturday; they stayed fourteen months, and then went away."

"You have not mentioned their name?"

"Their name? Well, surely I must have known their name when I went after the reference; but as they knew nobody, and were known to nobody, I soon forgot it. We called the mother the Parlor, and the daughter the Young Lady; for you see, at that time there was no other young lady in the house. Their occupation?—As for that, the mother marketed, and the daughter sewed, sitting in the chair at the window. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they read, and sometimes they chatted. They did nothing else as I know of. They lived on their means, like other lodgers. All lodgers that stay fourteen months have means. You be so green, mister, you make me laugh sometimes!"

"I only wanted to know what was their station, how they lived, and"——

"Lived? oh, very respectable! A baked shoulder, we shall say, on the Sunday, with potatoes under it; Monday, cold; Tuesday, hashed; then, maybe, a pair of live soles for the Wednesday; Thursday, a dish of sassengers; Friday, sprats—O; and on Saturday, bread and butter in the forenoon, with a saveloy or a polony at tea. made up the week—respectable. I know what a lady is, mister,"—here the landlady fixed her eyes on me severely—"and them were ladies!"

"I have no doubt at all of it; and the young man was of course something like themselves?"

"He was like nothing but a mystery at the Coburg! I don't know as even he were a young man. He might just as well have been a middle-aged or an elderly man. There he sat at the parlor window opposite, with a book in his hand; but it was easy to see that it was our window he was reading, where the young lady was sitting, as I have told you, sewing in her chair. Day after day, week after week, month after month, there was he looking, and looking, and looking; till the picture, I dare say gathered upon his eye, and he could see little else in the world."

"The young lady, I hope, returned the looks?"

"She, poor dear! Lor' love you, she was so short-sighted, that she could not tell whether it was a house or a hedge on the other side of the street. She did so laugh when I told her there was a young man a-looking at her! Then when she turned her poor blind eyes in the direction, promiscuous like, how he snatched away his head, as if he had been a-stealing something! It was a great misfortune for him that I had put my ear in, for all his long, lonely, quiet looks were now at an end. The young lady could not refrain from turning her head sometimes; and every time she did so, it gave him such a spasm! but when at last, she got up, now and then, as if to look, full length, at something in the street, he fairly bolted from off the window. He could not stand that by no manner of means; little knowing, poor soul! that the eyes that had bewitched him did not carry half-way across the street."

"That is excellent, mistress," said I, for we were evidently coming to the pith of the story; "but they no doubt as last!"

"You shall hear—you shall hear," replied my landlady; but I must first tell you, that one day when he had been driven away out of sight by the full length of the young lady, I went out for a couple of chops to their dinners. Well, I was ever so long gone—for I was not to be done so easily out of a ha' penny a pound—but in coming home, as the young lady was still sewing away, I thought I would just pass by the other side before crossing over. And so, mister, while going by the house, I looked at his window, promiscuous—and there was a sight to see! He had retired to the other end of the room, where he was sitting with his back to the wall, his two elbows on a table before him, and his chin resting on his knuckles, and thus had he been staring for an hour right across the street, unseen and alone, with that young lady before him, like a vision of his own calling up. As for the meeting of the two"——

"Stop, mistress! Before you come to that, describe the young man."

"The young man, if he were a young man, was a grave, steady, sedate, quiet individual, who might have been all ages from twenty five to fifty. He wore black clothes, and a white cravat his hat was always as smooth as satin; his boots looked as if they had been French polished; his hair was brown, and combed smooth; his face gray; and he walked as if he was masuring the pavement with his steps. He left the house at one hour, and returned at another, neither a minute earlier or later; and he indulged his poor heart with the young lady for the very same space of time every day."

"And the heroine?"

"The what, mister?"

"The young lady—I beg pardon."

"Oh, she was a nice sort of person, of two or three and twenty; light hearted but quiet in her manners; with a good complexion; pretty enough features, taking them all together; and light-blue eyes, with the hazy appearance of short-sight."

"Then, go on to the meeting!"

"I'm a coming to it. It was one day that the Parlor and the Young Lady were out; and the live sole being fried beautiful, I was standing at the window, wondering what ever could be keeping them, and it just one. So, as the church clock struck, I sees my young man, as usual open his door and come out, and after a sweeping glance with the tail of his eye at our window, walk down the street, so steady that one or two stepped out of his line, thinking he was a measuring the pavement. Well, who should be coming, right in his front, as if for the express purpose of meeting him but our two ladies! I declare, it put me in mind of the appointment in the paper for the sake of Matrimony with some body as has honorable intentions and means secrecy. The young man went on for a while, as if he meant to cut right through between the mother and daughter; but his courage failed him at last, and he stopped at a window, and stared in at the bill, "Day school for Young Ladies," till they had passed sometime. He then set off again, and disappeared without turning his head."

"And is this the meeting, mistress?" said I with some indignation.

"To be sure it is," said my lady, "and the only meeting they ever had; for that very day the Parlor received a letter from France, or Scotland, or some o her place abroad, which made her give me a week's warning; and at the end of that time, they went off, and I never saw them more."

"And is this your story, mistress?" said I, getting into a downright rage.

"I told you from the first, mister," replied my landlady, flaring up, "that I had no story to tell; and if you don't choose to hear the end of it, you may do the other thing!"

"It is the end, my dear madam, that I am dying to hear. You have so interesting a way with you, that really"——

"Well, well. It was eight months before I heard anything of the ladies; but then I had a few lines from the Parlor, telling me that she had given up all thoughts of returning to London, as her daughter was now well married, and she was to live with her. I hardly knew at first what the letter was about, or who it was from; for the young man had gone too, soon after them—to one of the midland counties, I heard—and what with crosses of my own, and the tax that was a going to be laid upon lodgings, I had forgotten all about them. By the end of a year, things were very dull with me. The parlors were empty, and the two-pair-back had gone off without paying his rent. One day I was sitting alone, for the girl was out, and thinking to myself what ever was to be done, when all of a sudden a knock came to the door, that made my heart leap to my mouth. Not that it was a loud, long knock, clatter, clatter, clatter; nor a postman's knock, ra—tatt; nor a knock like yours, master, rat-at-at-at; it was three moderate, leisurely strokes of the knocker, with precisely the same number of seconds between them and I could have sworn the strokes were knocked by the young man, for many a time and oft had I heard them on the door on the other side of the way."

"I hope to goodness you were right?" said I.

"Never was wrong in my life," said my landlady, "when I felt anything. Black coat, white cravat, smooth hat, glossy boots, brown hair, gray face—all were unchanged. He looked steadily at me for some seconds when I opened the door, and I was just going to ask him how he did—when at last he said; "Lodgings?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "please to step in;" and I showed him into the parlor. He looked at everything minutely, but without moving from where he stood near the door; at the table the chairs, the fire-place, the chimney-glass; I am sure he noticed that the tail of that lion was broken (but the hussy tramped for it, I can tell you!)—nothing escaped him; and at last he looked at the window, and at the chair the young lady used to sit in as she sewed; and then turning quietly round he walked out.

"What do you think of them?" asked I anxiously, as I followed him.

"Wouldn't suit," said he; and so he went his way. I was a little put out, you may be sure."—

"I'll take my corporal oath of that!" remarked I.

"But not so much as you think, mister," said my landlady; "for I could not help feeling sorry for him. But yet I own, when the very same thing occurred next year—"

"Next year!"

"On the very day, hour minute, second; the same knock, the same look in my face, the same inspection of the room, the same gaze at the young lady's chair, and the same answer;—

"Wouldn't suit!" The next year"—

"My dear madam!—how long is that ago?"

"Well—a matter of twenty year."

I was glad it was no worse; for a misgiving had come over me, and my imagination was losing itself in the distance of the past.

"The next year," continued my landlady,—"and the next, and the next, and the next were as like as may be. Sometimes the parlor was let; but it was all one—he would see it, as it might do for another time; and the lodgers being out, he did see it, and still it wouldn't suit. At last, I happened one year to be out myself, forgetting that it was the young man's day, and my! as the thought struck me when coming home, it gave me such a turn! I felt as if I hadn't done right. I was by this time accustomed to the visit, you see, and always grew anxious when the time come. But it was of no consequence to him; only he stayed twice as long when the door was opened and he saw a strange face. But he went in all the same, looked at every thing as usual—Wouldn't suit. At all these visits of inspection, his stay was of the same length to a minute; and when he went away I found—for I did watch him once—he walked straight to the coach-office.

"Well, mister, you may think, as years passed on, that I saw some difference in the young man's appearance. But he didn't grow a bit older.—His hair changed, but his gray face was still like granite stone. His pace became slower; but for that he only came the sooner, so that he might have the same time to look, and get back to the coach at the proper moment. Then he seemed to tremble a little in his walk; but he had now a cane to keep him stiff and upright; and he still looked as if he was a measuring the pavement, only taking more pains to it. I cannot think what it was that made me care so much about that old young man, for I never in my life exchanged more words with him than you have heard. But once, when the clock was fast, and he hadn't made his appearance at the hour, I sat quaking in my chair, and grew so nervous that when at last the knock came, I started up with a scream. But this was after we had been well nigh a score of years accustomed to each other. Earlier, I was sometimes cross; that was when we had hardly any lodgers, and the parlor never would suit. But it was all one to him. He didn't mind me a pin—not even when, being in better humor, I once asked him to sit down. He just looked as usual—as if there was nobody in the world but himself. I was so settled, that I thought of repeating the invitation, and pointing to the young lady's chair; but it was a bad thought, and I'm glad now that I kept it down.

"He grew more and more infirm; and at last, when one year he came and went in a coach, although he would not make use of coachee's arm either in coming down or going up the steps, I had a sore heart, and dim eyes looking after him. The next year, you may be sure, I was at my post as usual; but when it came near the hour, I was so fidgety and nervous that I could not sit down, but kept going from the parlor window to the door, and looking up at the clock. The clock struck—there was no knock. Poor old young man! In ten minutes more, there was the postman's knock, and I took the letter he gave me, into the parlor—slow and desolate like. The girl was out; we had hardly any lodgers; things were very bad with me—I was sore cast down. But business is business; and I opened the letter which was no doubt about the apartments, for I never get any other. This time, it was from a country attorney, telling me of that Death, and of a clause in the will, leaving a hundred pounds to me for my trouble in showing *the lodgings that wouldn't suit.*

Mister, I was took all of a heap! The whole twenty years seemed to be upon my brain. The young man—the young lady—the long, long love-looks across the street—the meeting he couldn't stand, that was like Matrimony in the papers—the visits to the parlor, where she had lived, and sat and never saw him—the gray face—the sinking limbs—the whitening hair—the empty lodgings—the hundred pounds! I was alone in the house; I felt alone in the world; and straightway I throws the letter upon the table, plumps me down in a chair, and burst out a crying and sobbing."

Here my landlady stopped; and here ends a tale that wants, methinks, only incident, plot, character, coloring, a beginning, a middle, and an end, to be a very good one. But all these it receives from the reader, who is acquainted with the inner life, of that old young man, and is able, if he choose, to write his history in volumes; and whose memory brings before him some unconscious image, which gave a tone and direction to the thoughts of years, and supplied a Mecca of the heart for his meditative visits without affecting in any sensible degree the cold calm look, and the measured step with which he paced through the cares and business of the world.

Which to Choose.

Mrs. Champion, a rich widow of only thirty summers, and in the full bloom of her beauty, was in the matrimonial market closely besieged by three suitors, all of them good looking, all gentlemen, and all professing unbounded and disinterested love for the fair lady Capt. Trevanion had been a cavalry officer, but had retired from the service. He was a tall, dashing figure with very aristocratic manners, and like Ned Pepper, Paul Clifford's friend, possessed an "unkimmon fine head of hair." Indeed, it was rumored that his ambrosial curls were not nature's gift to him, but the *spolia opima* of some nameless and more favored individual, procured of Bogle by the intermediation of a certain amount of filthy lucre. The Captain had inherited a large fortune.

Suitor No. 2 was a young man about town, very fashionable, polished and pleasant. He contrived to keep out of debt, but his financial resources were said to be very limited. Mr. Claud Careless evidently had a good prospect of success.

The third suitor, Mr. Stanley Moreton, was an art student, and also cultivated poetry. Though very modest and unaffected, he was slightly eccentric in the matter of costume—wore a Rubens hat, and black velvet coat, and during the Kossuth excitement had serious thought of completing his equipment by a feather—but his better genius saved him from this selection. As he was quite sensitive and timid, had an awkward habit of blushing, and was silent in company, the Captain and Careless made light of the rivalship, and considered the contest as confined to themselves.

The Captain proposed after the most approved tast of fashion dropping gracefully on one knee, and pressing the lips that murmured his vows to the fair hand he solicited as his guerdon.

When he had retired, Claude paid his devoirs, and made his proposals with great earnestness. His professions interestedness were no less emphatic than the Captain's.

The painter came next. When alone with the lady of his love he found a voice which failed him in the presence of others.

To each of the suitors she gave the same reply—namely, that she would return a definite answer to his suit exactly three weeks from the date of his proposal, requiring him in the interval to restrain from calling or inquiring about her, and to absent himself from the city. Each wooer promised a knightly obedience and kept his pledge. The Captain ran down to Newport Claude went to Saratoga, and Stanly carried his sketch book up to the White Mountains.

The widow shut herself up for three weeks.—At the expiration of that time, punctual to the appointed day, hour and minute, the elegant Captain entered Mrs. Champion's drawing room, and surveyed himself from head to foot in the Versailles mirror, with a smile of satisfaction. He was engaged in self admiration when a light step recalled him to a sense of propriety. He turned and beheld the widow, but a thick veil covered her face. He drew a chair to her side and addressed her.

"Dearest Isabella," said he, in his most persuasive tones, "allow me to remove the envious screen which shrouds charms that were never meant to be concealed."

"Alas, Captain," said the widow, with a tremulous voice, and drawing her veil yet closer, those charms exist no longer."

"Is it possible?" cried the Captain in a tone of alarm. "What do you mean?"

"Since I saw you I have been very sick.—When I was a child my parents neglected to have me vacinated, and the ravages of the small pox—"

"The small pox!" cried the Captain, pushing his chair back to the other side of the room.

"Don't be afraid, Captain," said the widow. "It is all over, and I am a dreadful object to behold, but of course that makes no difference in your affections."

"Hem!" cried the captain, "It would make no difference if I wanted to retire with you into the country, to live like Darby and Joan. But to go into society—to introduce at balls and soirees, a person disfigured by a dreadful disorder, O Lord ma'am, the idea never entered my head!"

"I release you from your engagement—you are free,' said the widow.

"I have no doubt ma'am,"-said the Captain greatly relieved, "that you will find individuals not exactly in my situation, who will be—will be very happy to—inshort, ma'am, I wish you a very good day."

"Cold-hearted, vain egotist," said the widow, when he had left, "I rightly guaged your character. You only wished for a handsome wife to enhance your consequence and parade in society, as you show off your handsome horse in the street. Let us see whether my thoughts have wronged Mr. Careless."

To Careless she told the same story. The young gentleman heard of the loss of her beauty with great sang-froid.

"But this is not all," said Mrs. Champion.—"My business man has just been with me all the morning. My investments were most unfortunate. I am completely beggared."

"How unfortunate," cried Careless; "for I am in the same predicament. I don't see my way through this quarter. Now it is very evident that it would be the height of all folly for two persons without any income of prospect to marry only to multiply misery. I must beg you to consider my proposal of last month as only conditional. Doubtless there are rash, unprincipled men who would in my case think only of sentiment; but I am too good a moralist and too good a citizen to think of persevering now.—Farewell, madame! Farewell forever! I leave you with despair in my heart, and madness in my brain."

Probably no declaration of despair was ever uttered in a cooler tone—and so thought the widow.

"He loved me for my money, as I thought," she said. "I begin to believe that all the men are alike. If Stanely proves equally heartless I shall renounce the perfidious sex."

The young artist heard the loss of his lady's beauty calmly.

"It is a misfortune," said he. "Beauty is a glorious gift, but perishable; the true heart and mind alone remain unchanged till death."

"But I am poor," said the widow.

"You give me new life, Isabella!" cried the painter. "The world cannot say now that any mercenary motives tainted the pure feeling with which I regard you. Trust me, you shall never want while I have brain and hand to work for you."

"Then take me for such as I am and was," cried the widow, throwing off her veil, "both in person and in purse, and forgive the fabricated tale which proved two of my suitors worthless."

Freed from the veil, her dazzling beauty beamed on the painter in undimmed radiance, and her hand thrilled to his touch. Need we say that they were happy?

From Chambers' Edinburgh Magazine.

Anecdote of the French Spy System.

Among the many families which rose into notice under the empire of the first Napoleon, few held a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the day than that of the Countess B. Her house, at the period of which we speak, was the rendezvous of all the celebrities of the time—marshals of France, state men, artists, men of letters, alike crowded to her saloons,—Baron M. was one of her most frequent guests, and had the reputation of being as witty and amusing a personage as could be met with; in consequence, his company was very generally sought, even by the highest circles, in which, though but little was known of his family or connections, he had found means to obtain an excellent footing.

One evening, in the winter of 1805, a brilliant party was assembled in the gay saloons of the Countess B., when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breathless haste, and apparently much excited. He made his way as quickly as possible to the countess, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.

"We are all, I think" he said, "well acquainted with Baron M. who is so constant a visitor here. I regret to say that I have just learned in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has in fact, been seen to enter and leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouche."

The assembled guest were thunder-struck at this unexpected announcement, each one endeavoring to recollect what indiscreet expression might have passed his lips in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all, naturally enough, feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess of course was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.

However, something must be done; the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, must be at once expelled from the society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M, the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should take him into another room and having told him of what he was accused, should ask him if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she should be obliged to signify to him, that he must discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the invectives which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron that worthy made his appearance. Immediately all was silent; and though he advanced to greet his friends with his customary easy assurance, evidently saw all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoid speaking to him, or at most gave him the slightest possible salutation.

Not being very easily abashed, Baron M. proceeded, as usual, to make his bow to the hostess, who at once, as had been agreed; said to him: "Monsieur le Baron, may I request the favor of a few words with you in private?"

"Certainly, madame," replied the baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, and forthwith led the way to an ante-chamber.

The countess, feeling naturally very nervous at the part she had to perform, at length said with some hesitation: "I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which hangs over you: and which, unless you can remove or explain satisfactorily, must forever close my doors against you." The baron was all attention, as the countess continued: "I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are in the pay of Monsieur Fouche—that you are, in short, a spy."

"Oh," replied the baron, "is that all? I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true, I am a spy."

"And how," exclaimed the lady, "have you dared to insult me and my guests, by presuming to present yourself night after night at my house, in such an unworthy manner?"

"I repeat," said the baron with all possible coolness, "that I am in the pay of Fouche; that I am a spy; and in this capacity, upon some subjects, I am tolerably well informed, of which, Madame la Comtesse, I will give you a proof.—On the last pay-day, at Monsieur Fouche's, I received your pay, for the information you had brought him, immediately after I had received mine."

"What!" cried the countess, "dare you insinuate anything so infamous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly."

"Softly, Madame," answered the baron; "that I am a spy, I have not attempted to deny; that you are likewise a spy, I have long known, and can readily prove. We are in the same boat—we sink or swim together; if you proceed to denounce me, I shall also denounce you, and there is an end of both of us. If you uphold me, I will uphold you, and we shall go on as before."

"Well, said the lady, considerably embarrassed at finding that the secret was known, "what is to be done? I am in a most difficult position."

"Not at all, madame," replied the baron. "I will tell you what to do; take my arm, and we will return together to the drawing room, where you will announce that my explanation has been satisfactory."

The countess, seeing there was nothing else to be done, determined to make the best of it, and as she advanced into the room with, with one of her sweet smiles: "I am delighted to tell you, that Monsieur le Baron has been able to give me an explanation, which, though I cannot divulge it, is in all respects perfectly satisfactory to me, and therefore, I am sure, it will be so to you."—The guests were at once relieved from a weight of anxiety, the evening passed off with the utmost hilarity, and the baron regained the good graces he had lost. It was not until long afterwards that the real facts of this singular history became known.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM SICKNESS OR pain, if your skin is chapped, or tanned, or has any eruption, if your hair [illegible] falling out, or refuses to grow, if you would have a clean mouth and teeth, call at [illegible] and you will find the greatest variety of [illegible] Preparations for the Hair, Teeth and Skin, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes and Combs, [illegible]

Reader, if you would look fair, [illegible] be free from any of the ills or [illegible]

[illegible]

February 20, 1856.

TRUSSES.—[illegible] and for sale by BROWNLEY & [illegible] Petersburg, [illegible]